

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, the Drama, Morals, Manners, and Amusements.

This Paper is published at Six o'Clock every Saturday Morning; and forwarded Weekly, or in Monthly or Quarterly Parts, throughout the British Dominions.

No. 83. LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1820. Price 6d.

Review of New Books.

Letters written during a Tour through Normandy, Brittany, and other parts of France, in 1818; including Local and Historical Descriptions, with Remarks on the Manners and Character of the People. By Mrs. Charles Stothard. With numerous Engravings, after Drawings by Charles Stothard, F. S. A. 4to. pp. 322. London, 1820.

IN our former numbers*, we reviewed a charming work on Normandy, by Mr. Dawson Turner, and we now have one on the same subject, from a female pen, which, though much inferior in many respects, yet possesses considerable interest. Mrs. Stothard is the wife of Mr. Charles Stothard, who has been employed by the Society of Antiquaries, to make a copy of the celebrated Bayeux tapestry, so imperfectly described by the French. Mrs. S. is a lively, agreeable, and entertaining writer, who describes in an easy and familiar style, what appeared to her most interesting, during a two months' residence at Bayeux, and a tour through some parts of Normandy and Brittany, which are less frequented by English travellers than almost any other part of France. The work consists of a series of letters written by the author to her mother and family, 'without any view to publication.' Without detaining our readers by any further remarks, we shall introduce them at once to the volume itself. At Eu, Mrs. S. visited the Chateau, where the housekeeper, an intelligent woman of 25 years of age, with a family of six children, amused her visitors with an account of domestic life in France. Mrs. S. says,—

'She made some apt remarks on the English and French character; and begged me to tell her if the English husbands really loved their wives. I replied they did, and that I knew many instances of perfect domestic happiness. "Ah, Madam," said the young woman, "it is not so in France, a French husband loves his wife the least of all his acquaintance; but she does not suffer by it with the world, for although he seldom speaks to her at home, yet he is perfectly polite to her abroad. No woman in France hopes to keep her husband's heart longer than the time occupied in wedding rejoicings; but, after that, she is not neglected by others, and has many friends both to console and admire her." We laughed at this description of French conjugal felicity, and asked her if she thought the married lady's consolation consistent with propriety? "Ah, madam," replied the housekeeper, with an arch smile, "you know every thing is *selon l'usage*."

The house in which Mrs. S. lodged, was on the site where St. Laurent, the tutelary saint of Eu, made his descent from heaven. From the following account, it does not appear to have been well suited for literary pursuits. Mrs. S. writes,—

'I am sure, did you know with how many noises I have

been almost stunned, since the commencement of this letter, you would applaud my zeal to oblige you, which has enabled me to continue it, in defiance of them all. Hogarth's enraged musician was scarcely more tormented: without doors, under the market-place, that faces our inn, a *grimacier* and rope-dancer has been entertaining the multitude with his buffoonery, accompanied by the sound of hautboys, fiddles, the beating of drums, and a variety of noises, that united their jarring discord as if in mockery of music. In the chamber adjoining mine, separated only by a partition so thin that I could hear every sound, a monsieur, who, I find, unites the professions of tailor and *maître d'agrémens*, was instructing a little girl, daughter of our *maîtresse d'hôtel*, in the art of dancing. They jumped so intollerably, that the floor shook at every step. The loud voice of the master rose higher than that of his violin; and his encouraging expressions to his pupil were so truly diverting, that I could not avoid listening to them:—"Tournez, Mademoiselle—tournez les yeux vers les cieux." A Frenchman's expressions are always upon the grand scale, as Sterne long since remarked; but what, thought I, can a dancing master have to do with the eyes of his scholar; a plain Englishman would not have carried his instructions beyond the management of the feet, or the arms, at most; but in France, the effect which the execution of a thing is to produce, is as much considered as the thing itself; so I imagine, therefore, the management of the eyes is of no small importance in the art of dancing. I was confirmed in my conjecture; for the master dismissed his little pupil with the encouraging exclamation of, "*Allez vous-en jolie mignonne, tu seras coquette un jour.*"

The following anecdote is strikingly illustrative of that ease and politeness which distinguishes all classes in France:—

'The servant who attends us here is a very pretty Norman girl; she smiles upon every body most graciously, and bestows her attention with equal good humour, without considering the rank and condition of each individual. I found her this morning talking so kindly to a young man, that I concluded he was her *cher ami*. Benevolence, I doubt not, is a customary virtue in the bosom of a pretty *servante*; for, but an hour since, a fine gay stranger came to the inn, bringing with him a paroquet. The damsel handed him his coffee, and, with a smiling look, asked if it pleased him. "It must," replied the stranger, "if it is as agreeable as yourself."—"Ah! monsieur," rejoined the girl, "I am too happy in pleasing you." She then caressed the paroquet, who, less tender of the damsel than her master, seemed little pleased with the attention. The youth and maiden carried on a very flippant and familiar dialogue, till the bird at length bit her finger, upon which she exclaimed, "It is nothing; the worst wound is that given to the heart:" and so saying, she quitted the room. Go, pretty Norman, thought I, "*Tu es coquette aujourd'hui.*"

We pass over Mrs. S.'s description of the cathedral at Rouen, as well as her account of antiquities in general, since they have been much anticipated in our notice of Mr. Turner's excellent work. In a visit to Paris, our fair author saw Talma perform Achilles, in Racine's

Iphigénie en Aulide, and was not pleased with him. She boldly declares, and we agree with her in the observation,—

‘That the sincere admirer of the dramatic art, as it was in England in the school of Kemble and Mrs. Siddons, as it is in that of Kean, cannot receive much pleasure from French tragedians. Nature and art, dignity and bombast, are not more opposite to each other, than the English and French stage.’

We shall not detain our readers with Mrs. S.’s account of Paris, and shall only quote her character of Napoleon:—

‘Bonaparte was a proper man to govern such a people, a people, according to their own phrase, so *volage*; in dazzling them with the pomp and ostentation of the glory of the French arms, he kept them, by external wars, from looking too closely at home. That the Emperor did this country infinite service, every impartial observer will admit; he served them both by his laudable institutions, his care and improvement of their agriculture, and his patronage of every liberal art. The savage spirit of revolution he tamed, and taught the tiger to seek foreign, rather than civil devastation.’

The description of the Bayeux tapestry, which is very minute, is much too long for our insertion, nor is it necessary, as we have already given an account of it from the work on Normandy, to which we have alluded. We now accompany Mrs. S. into Brittany, where the ground being less trodden, we shall extract more freely, particularly as to the manners and peculiarities of the people. She says,—

‘Since we have been at Rennes, we have remarked how much even the better class of people differ from the French; they have not the least trait of their complacency, but address you in a rough and brutal way. We have observed also their excessive dislike of the English; and I cannot here omit relating a trifling incident that will serve to illustrate the character of gentlemen Bretons, for I believe they are all very much alike. I was yesterday making a sketch of Port St. George, an ancient gateway in the outskirts of the town, when several persons, habited like gentlemen, came up, and very unceremoniously placed themselves about me. I imagine they consider it impossible a foreigner could understand French, for they were very personal in their remarks, and amused themselves with conjecturing who I might be. At last they agreed I was either Italian or English; but from my dress they determined the latter, and because all English women were little creatures. This remark introduced a conversation upon the general character of our nation, which they abused “in good set terms,” without moving from their station. As I resolved to finish my drawing, I mustered up courage sufficient to continue it, without heeding their rudeness; till one of them, wishing to gratify his curiosity by staring me in the face, placed himself between me and the object I was delineating. I motioned with my hand for him to move; but this he did not, or would not understand. I then, in a few words, civilly begged him to get out of the way. Immediately one of them exclaimed, “She speaks French, do all the women in England speak French?” I took no notice of this, determined that I would not give up an English spirit, and be driven from my seat by impertinence. These Breton gentlemen then entered into a fresh discourse upon French and English literature, and agreed that all we possessed was borrowed from the French, and that our best editions of Shakespeare were a translation from Voltaire, who had given him beauties of his own which the original never possessed. Whilst they were thus displaying their knowledge of such wonderful literary mysteries, a French officer came up, who knew these men, and seemed surprised at their intrusion. He begged them to remove, and politely apologised for their impertinence; assuring me that he was no Breton, and that if I knew the people as he did, I should find them the

most brutal mannered, either in France or in any other country.

‘The excessive dislike the people of Brittany bear towards the English, is to be attributed, in a principle degree, to the idea they have formed, and yet entertain, respecting the conduct of England in the affair of Quiberon Bay, where our administration landed, during the war, a number of French emigrants, to join the royalists. These unfortunate persons were all slaughtered in the action that ensued, and the French government, always desirous of disseminating amongst the people a hatred towards the English, caused a report to be circulated in Brittany, that we had sent the emigrants to Quiberon, for the purpose of being there murdered. I was walking yesterday, with Mr. S—, in Rennes, when he stopped at the door of a shop, to examine a large map of Brittany. Mr. S—, looking for Auray, traced his finger along the map, till he paused at the mark of the celebrated druidical remain; and, turning to me, said, “there is Carnac.” An officer who chanced to be passing at the moment, came up to him, and, with a fierce look, placed his own finger upon the map, exclaiming, “And there is Quiberon!”’

In the next letter, which is dated from Ploermel, Mrs. S. continues her account of this people.—

‘The Bretons dwell in huts, generally built of mud; men, pigs, and children live all together, without distinction, in these cabins of accumulated filth and misery. The people are, indeed, dirty to a loathed excess, and to this may be attributed their unhealthy, and even cadaverous aspect. Their manners are as wild and savage as their appearance: the only indication they exhibit of mingling at all with civilized creatures, is, that whenever they meet you, they bow their heads, or take off their hats in token of respect. I could not have supposed it possible that human nature endured an existence so buried in dirt, till I came into this province. The common people are, apparently, in the very lowest state of poverty. In some part of Brittany the men wear a goat skin dress, and look not unlike De Foe’s description of Robinson Crusoe. The furry part of this dress is worn outside; it is made with long sleeves, and falls nearly below the knees. Their long shaggy hair hangs dishevelled about their shoulders, the head being covered by a broad flapped straw or beaver hat. Some few of the Bretons go without shoes or stockings: but the generality wear sabots, and thrust straw into them, to prevent the feet being rubbed by the pressure of the wood. You frequently see the women, both old and young, sauntering along the fields with the distaff, employed in spinning off the flax. The girls carry milk upon their heads, in a vessel of rather an elegant form, somewhat resembling the common Roman household vessels.

‘We continued travelling, in the hope of coming into some town or village, where we might obtain refreshment; for, in consequence of leaving Rennes so early, we had not breakfasted, and, unfortunately, my little basket, from neglect, was unsupplied. You may imagine, therefore, that the postillion’s annunciation of a town being in sight, was most agreeable intelligence to persons numbed with cold, and sick for want of food. Accordingly, at noon, we arrived at Pleilan, to us the land of promise, and, like many such lands, afforded only disappointment, augmented by the comfortable hopes we had indulged. The horses, who, from custom, knew their resting-place, jogged on at a full trot, that was soon abated by the mud, through which they had to wade, in passing down the village street. Pleilan consists of a few miserable houses, inhabited by the pallid and dirty natives of Bretagne. Before their doors several children, covered only by a few tattered garments, were paddling for very sport, in the pool of slush that flooded the street; their savage manners and wretched looks, begrimed as they were with dirt, gave them the appearance of little imps appertaining to some lower world.

‘We stopped at the entry of what is termed an inn, distinguished by the bush suspended over the door. At most of the inns in this country, they hang out such a signal, to denote

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that wine is sold within. This custom, now almost obsolete in England, reminds us of the old proverb, "Good wine needs no bush;" but, if in the inns, they sell only cyder, it is expressed in Brittany by hanging a few apples to the side of the bush. Here the horses were to rest two hours, during which time we proposed regaling ourselves with something like a dinner. Upon entering the inn, the first view of the interior made me start back; for I had never seen any thing at all similar to it before. Some faggots were blazing in a ruined chimney, by the side of which stood a miserable bed, where an old man, sick of the gout, was sitting up; the tortures of his disorder (for the fit was upon him) gave to a naturally fierce and savage countenance, a malignant and dreadful expression; his complaints burst forth in accents of impatient execration, unchecked by the presence of strangers. The curtains of his bed hung in tattered rags, festooned by spiders, that crawled about, and made their intricate web upon the pendant shreds of the decayed hangings. A slush pool, in the centre of the room, served the double purpose of a receiving hole for foul water, and a pond for the ducks, who enjoyed themselves by paddling about in it. A hen-roost stood above a larder of viands, beneath which a fowl was hatching her young upon a sort of dung-hill. To think of dining was impossible; we begged to be shewn into some other room, and inquired if they could give us bread and coffee. We were ushered into an apartment quite in character with the rest of the house. After desiring that the nearly broken down chairs might be wiped, (a caution very necessary before venturing to sit down,) we ordered a fire, and had at least the comfort of warming ourselves. For all hope of refreshment vanished as soon as the repast appeared. The bread was full of sand, that gritted between the teeth, and so sour that I could not taste a second piece; the coffee bore no resemblance to that beverage, excepting the brown-coloured tinge, but seemed a mixture of dirty water and sugar. We resigned it after the first taste, and paid for looking at such fare, as we could not be said to partake of it, the sum of four francs; while some French travellers below, were regaled in like manner for twelve sous each. One of these travellers had the charity to give me a bunch of grapes, which, with the addition of some raw chesnuts that Mr. S—— pulled from the trees as we journeyed on, was all the refreshment we could procure from five in the morning till ten o'clock the same night, when we got into Ploermel. I cannot help thinking how useful a moral lesson, a day's starvation, would be to those who have plenty, and a daily meal; that they may experience the misery arising from the want of food, and learn to pity and feel for the needy who have none.

At Ploermel our travellers rested at an inn which was filthy in the extreme. After describing her bed-room, Mrs. S. says,

'But to give you a complete idea of a domestic menage in this country, although, perhaps, beneath the dignity of a traveller, you must descend with me into the kitchen or common hall of the inn: if we get down the tottering staircase without falling, it is well: but certainly not without our gowns doing the office of a broom, and clearing away a little of the superabundant dirt. The kitchen has no flooring but the substantial earth. When it rains, the kennel from the street runs over through the door, and makes a soft mud carpeting. Great oaken beams form the ceiling, from which hang depending the spoils of the field, exhibiting all sorts of game, besides fowls, joints of meat, &c. A large chimney, that would hold a dozen people, is filled by black boiling pots, that hang above the burning faggots. Near the fire-side stands the landlady's bed, supported by a hen-coop full of little chickens. In the centre of the room there is, as usual, a convenient slush pool, and close to it a long oak table, black from time and grease: there the viands are prepared; and whilst many an humble traveller is regaling at this household board, they draw the entrails from fowls, &c. which, to save trouble, are thrown upon a pile of like delectable combination, in one corner of the room. The solitary window retains but two

unbroken panes of glass; to supply the rest, rags are hung up to keep out the weather. Assembled in this chaos of filth—this combination of villainous smells, are six or seven women, who all seem cooks, and from their dress and fire-burnt faces, look like so many infernal beings. The little maid is a sort of drudge to the head cook, a woman nearly eighty years old, who exercises her authority in the querulous tones of peevish age; her decrepit form, and withered arms, (the protruding veins of which are visible in spite of a thick coating of dirt that encircles them, and seem starting through her dry and shrivelled skin,) confer on her the appearance of presiding hag at the midnight orgies of the fiends.'

In the church of Josselin there are the remains of a tomb, dedicated to the memory of the celebrated Sir Oliver de Clisson:—

'The head of Sir Oliver was not to be found in the church with the other fragments; after much inquiry, we accidentally learnt that it ornamented the garden of a tobaccoist. The only existing memorial of so great a man converted into the decoration of a tobaccoist's garden! "To what base uses may we not return." The head possesses very fine and marked character. Mr. S. felt desirous of bringing it back to the body, and of uniting the disjointed parts, that he might make a drawing from the whole, and possibly suggest the plan of their being again permanently united. For this purpose he judged it necessary to apply to Monsieur Le Curé of Josselin.

'We, therefore, called upon that gentleman in the evening, fortunately he was at home. The Curé is a fine stately old man, remarkably precise and measured in his expressions. We found him seated by the dying embers of a wood fire; a solitary candle burnt upon the mantle-piece of a large old chimney; the oak pannels of the apartment were decorated with the portraits of several saints; his rosary and books lay by his side. He was seated in an easy chair, dressed in a long black silk gown, bound round the waist with a broad belt; his venerable silvered hairs covered by a little close black cap: he seemed musing in serious meditation. His housekeeper, whose office was conspicuous by the bunch of keys suspended from her girdle, ushered us into the presence of her master with a stately manner, much resembling his own. The old man raised his head at our approach, and received us with the most formal politeness; although every word seemed weighed and delivered according to the relative importance of each, yet there was nothing forbidding or disagreeable in his manner. Mr. S. opened the conversation by making known his wish; but he had no sooner informed him we were English travellers, than the Curé rose from his seat, and welcomed us with cordial hospitality. The Curé then informed us, that he had passed ten years in England during the emigration of the French, and had returned to his own parish of Josselin at the short peace. "You are English people," said the old gentleman; "the English shall ever be welcome to rest in my home: I came into their country when I was driven from my own; I had neither friends, money, or their language, for the first three years; I eat my daily meal at their cost. I then taught them my tongue, and they regarded me as a brother; for ten years I was supported by their notice, and protected by their laws; gratitude opens my door at the approach of any of their nation." The venerable man came forward, seated us closer to the fire, and ordered more faggots to replenish it. He pressed us to leave the inn, and begged we would take up our residence at his house. This we declined, but promised to breakfast and dine with him the next day, in compliance with his invitation, given in *English*, that we would take with him *the luck of the pot*. Accordingly, the next morning, we presented ourselves at the door of Monsieur le Curé, who received us in his state apartment: it was hung with old tapestry, and decorated with a few family portraits, languishing in the full-bottomed wigs of Louis XIVth's time; the oaken floor was so nicely waxed, that I nearly slipped down while Monsieur handed me to the great chair at the up-

per end of the room, which I found he considered the most ceremonious seat.

'After breakfast, the Curé offered to conduct us through the church and some other buildings. We first visited the Penitentiary House he had erected at his own cost. It is calculated to hold five hundred persons. This Penitentiary is designed for those who are desirous of retiring for a short time to meditate upon their sins. The Sisters of Charity take care of the house, and attend upon the penitents. We then proceeded to the church; and while Mr. S— was arranging the mutilated figures, I was engaged in conversation with the Curé, who asked me innumerable questions; and, amongst the rest, if I had any relations in the army and navy? When I told him I had, he seemed pleased, and promised himself some amusement in looking for their names (where he would be certain not to find them), viz. in an old Court Calendar he had brought from England sixteen years since. Monsieur — is a complete character. hospitable, polite, and kind; but his attentions are rendered even painful by a most extraordinary observance of form and etiquette.

'He related to us an anecdote that evinced both his good nature and the extreme simplicity of his character: during the late war, a person belonging to an English ship, induced by motives of curiosity, landed on the coast of Brittany, without apprehending danger; of course he was immediately seized on suspicion of being a spy, and marched up the country. The escort arrived at Josselin with the prisoner in a most distressed condition, his shoes being actually worn from off his feet; they brought him before Monsieur le Curé, who commenced his interrogation with—"You are an Englishman. What is your name?"

' "My name," replied the prisoner, "is B—."

' "B—," said Monsieur, "surely I must know that name. Stop a moment. I will return to you immediately." Away went the Curé to consult the old Court Calendar; and there finding Lord B—, peer of the realm, returned back to the ragged prisoner, convinced of his identity with the nobleman in question.

' "My Lord," said the old gentleman, "why do you conceal your rank? Of what use can it be? What is your motive for doing so? Your name, you say, is B—. You are a gentleman; and I find in my Court Calendar, Lord B—, Peer of the Realm. Now, if you are Lord B—, I will furnish you with money and necessaries, and use the interest I have with my friends at Paris to get you out of France.

' "I thank you Sir," replied the prisoner, "I am certainly Lord B—, as you say I am: and if you will perform what you have so kindly offered, the money shall be returned when I arrive in England, by any means you may point out."

' All succeeded to the prisoner's desire; and the money was honestly returned to the good Curé, who prides himself upon his own sagacity, and the great benefit arising from the old Court Calendar brought from England sixteen years since.'

(To be concluded in our next.)

The World in Miniature. Illyria and Dalmatia; containing a description of the manners, customs, habits, dress, and other peculiarities, characteristic of their Inhabitants, and those of the adjacent Countries. Illustrated with thirty coloured Engravings. 2 vols. 18mo. pp. 312. London, 1820.

Two neat little volumes under the above title have just been published. They are the commencement of a series descriptive of the peculiar manners, customs, and character of the different nations of the globe. The embellishments, which are principally illustrative of the costume of the inhabitants, are numerous and well executed. The letter-press, though not given in a liberal quantity, is

much to the purpose; and affords a brief but comprehensive view of the state of society in those countries on which it treats: embracing a variety of interesting anecdotes of the manners and customs of the inhabitants. On the whole, we think it an admirable little work, and better calculated to make the reader acquainted with the various branches of mankind in different countries, than more bulky and more expensive volumes. The following extracts will give a tolerable idea of the literary merit of the work,—

Inhabitants of Carniola.—'In winter, when the mountaineers have nothing to do, six or eight young fellows go out together on a begging expedition, with a wretched musician at their head. In every place through which they pass, they lay persons in easy circumstances under contribution, and set the girls a-dancing. The money which they obtain by their importunities is professedly destined for a religious purpose; but, as the collectors must subsist upon the produce, little or nothing is left; besides which, they are almost always drunk, and it is scarcely possible that quarrels should not soon arise among them.

'These people are still swayed by the same ridiculous superstitions as prevailed in the dark ages, when the monks were the only professors of medicine, and when they had recourse for the cure of diseases, to holy water, relics of saints, rosaries, and all sorts of amulets. Dr. Hacquet, who practised several years as a physician in this country, had to contend with numberless prejudices, and ran the greatest risks. The bishops and inferior clergy threatened him on all sides. The monks were compelled to preach against him, and to denounce him as a miscreant and atheist.

'This gentleman conceived the idea of founding a theatre of anatomy, when the people were stupid enough to imagine that he secretly designed to murder all the red-haired persons he could lay hold of, that he might sell their blood to an ex-jesuit of Vienna, for the purpose of being employed in making gold. There really lived at the time, in that city, a priest who expended immense sums of money in experiments for fixing mercury. The rumours circulated on this subject, at length, became so alarming, that Dr. Hacquet was obliged to change his name in order to prosecute his travels in Illyria. Though an orthodox Catholic, he was pointed at as a *Lutheran*—a denomination synonymous, according to the ideas of the people of this country, with that of heathen.

'The silly confidence of these people in their saints occasioned, in 1774, the loss of more than four hundred houses in the city of Laybach. A fire broke out there, the progress of which might easily have been checked, but for the stupidity of the populace, who limited their efforts to the invocation of St. Florian; and even when the church of that saint was totally consumed, the confidence which they placed in him was not in the least diminished.'

Marriage Customs.—'It is in the winter evenings that the young people of both sexes form those acquaintances with each other which lead to matrimony. The cottages in which neighbours assemble are lighted at a very small expense, perhaps merely with a splinter of fir: or a single candle serves for ten or a dozen spinners. Each of these, while turning her wheel, converses with her sweetheart, who is seated beside her, and the evening is enlivened by the relation of merry stories. The women spin thread not only from hemp and flax, but also from the fibres of the nettle. The latter they prepare in the same manner as the Baschkirs, the Ostiaks, and other Siberian tribes.

'When a young man wishes to marry, he usually sends a messenger, called *sunbashi*, to his mistress. If the proposal is approved, another mediator, denominated *shenen*, undertakes the negotiations relative to the dowry; when the whole is settled, little presents are mutually made by the parties. After the betrothal, the guests are invited by the *drug* and *drushiza*, or conductor and conductress of the bride. On the

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wedding day, an old man, *starashina*, repairs to the house of the bridegroom, and then proceeds to fetch the bride at the head of a numerous assemblage, playing on different instruments and firing pistols by the way. The bride is dressed in all her finery: flowers of rosemary, and ribbons of every colour are entwined in her hair. After the nuptial ceremony, the company sit down to an entertainment, which the *starashina* has taken care to provide. Next to him are placed the bridegroom, the bride, the *teta*, or bride's mother, and then the conductor and conductress of the bride. It is the *starashina* who directs every thing, who carves for the guests, and in short takes upon himself all the honours of the feast.

At many weddings, during the first repast, they have dancing, fiddling, and grotesque performances to divert the company. Sometimes, towards the conclusion of the entertainment, an enormous cake, called *pogazha*, is brought in; but it is now more common to have a large dish covered with buttered rolls (*strukli*). These rolls are placed before a man who represents the cook; a great noise is made about him with pots, pans, and other culinary utensils, as if to prevent him from distributing the rolls among the guests. The supposed cook, however, performs his office with great composure; he places his rolls upon a table to which each person goes and takes a portion on his plate, not forgetting to drop into a dish, near them, some money for the cook. Next appears a musician bringing a waiter, on which is a glass of wine adorned with rosemary. He goes round the table and helps all the company. While each is drinking, the musician plays a tune on his violin, and he is rewarded, for his trouble, with a piece of money which is laid upon his waiter.

When all the guests have taken as much as they please, the bride is led to the house of the bridegroom, with music, and escorted by the whole party, who keep up the festivities all night, repairing to the house of the bride's mother and other places, dancing wherever they stop, and making copious libations to Bacchus. When the new-married couple are not in absolutely indigent circumstances, the wedding lasts three days and even longer. If one of them, and especially the woman, has been previously married, at the moment when the party sets out for the church, the populace pour forth all sorts of abuse, and keep up by the way a continual din with frying-pans, tongs, shovels, and other instruments of iron.

In Istria.—The ceremonies attending weddings among people of the lower class are rather singular. The lover has no need to address himself to the female whose hand he is desirous of obtaining; he commissions two of his relatives to demand her of her father, and the negotiations are generally much protracted. The nuptials being agreed upon, the bridegroom presents a ring to his mistress. On the day appointed for the wedding, the bridegroom is joined by the *starashina* and other friends, all on horseback. According to the custom of some villages, one of the horsemen gallops before, sounding a horn: he is followed by another bearing a flag with an apple stuck on the point of the staff. Their caps are adorned with plumes of peacocks' feathers. In this manner the cavalcade proceeds to the house of the bride, to whom the bridegroom presents some articles of dress. Custom requires the wedding folks to address a speech to the first person they meet with at the door; and to embarrass them, an old woman masked, or the bride herself, is purposely sent out. Should the *starashina* make some gross mistake, it serves to heighten the mirth of the whole company.

Sometimes the *deveri*, or conductor of the bride, who is kept on purpose in the back part of the house, puts on the bride her best stockings and shoes, and a robe called *yezherma*, and places on her head the *petsha*, or white handkerchief, which is the ordinary head-dress of almost all the Slavonian women. To this he adds a wreath of rosemary, or other odoriferous plants, entwined with flowers and paper. Thus accoutred, they proceed to church, to obtain, from the priest, the nuptial benediction. It was, formerly, usual, at the moment when the words of union were pronounced, for the bride

and the females who attended her, to fall upon the bridegroom, seize him by the hair, and drag him out of the church. This part of the ceremony is no longer observed.

The entertainment which succeeds the religious rites, is under the direction of the *starashina*. It consists, in general, of mutton, poultry, and a kind of pastry called *kolaz*. No beverage is drunk but pure wine, and in full bumpers. Three toasts are given at the commencement of the repast.

After dinner, the new-married couple fall on their knees before the parents of the bride (the father of the bridegroom is never present) and receive their benediction. The parents add, by way of prophecy, that their union will certainly prove happy and fruitful. A young child is placed on the lap of the bride, and this is considered as a favourable omen.

The *starashina* comes next day to visit the young wife, and to apprize her of all her domestic occupations. A dinner is given in the same style as the preceding day; the younger part of the company join in merry dances, while the old folks amuse one another with telling stories.

While on the subject of marriage, we cannot but notice a remarkable custom among the Liburnians.

A singular ceremony is practised at their weddings. Before dinner is over, all the guests rise, and the bride does the same. She has then to throw over the roof of the bridegroom's house a cake called *kolarh*, made of coarse dough. The higher she throws it, the happier, according to their notion, the union will prove. If the cake falls on the other side without breaking, it is a proof that the bride is really a virgin and will make a good housewife. It is no wonder that this should often happen in a country where the houses are so low, and the cakes as hard as stone. The two bridesmen are expected to present the bride with new shoes and stockings; she does not put them on till after the dance, and gives two or three old handkerchiefs in return.

The Gothscheerians have this peculiar custom at weddings:—

The bridegroom goes, at the head of a numerous cavalcade, to fetch his bride, who presents the party with a pitcher full of wine. When they have emptied the pitcher they break it, and immediately proceed either to the bridegroom's house or to the church.

The mountaineers among the Morlachians are remarkable for their bold and ingenious robberies: of which the following is a striking instance,—

A poor man, being at the fair of a neighbouring town, bought a boiler, which he set down on the ground, and seating himself beside it, entered into serious conversation with an acquaintance. The thief approached, and watched his opportunity to slip the boiler over his head. The owner, having finished his conversation, and missing his boiler, asked the rogue if he had seen any person take away a similar utensil belonging to himself. "No," replied the fellow, "I have not observed any thing of the kind, but if you had put your boiler upon your head, like me, it could not have been stolen."

In Croatia vestiges of the patriarchal manners still exist:—

Some vestiges of the patriarchal manners are still to be met with in Croatia: five or six families are often seen living together, in the utmost harmony, in a very small house. The oldest man rules, with absolute sway, by the name of *gospodar*: he allots to all their respective duties, and every one must obey him. His wife, or if he has none, the eldest female, has the superintendence over the children, whose mothers themselves cannot make any alteration in the formal commands of the *gospodina* or the *staramaika*. The hardest labour, and the most disagreeable offices are assigned to the youngest women; and the young men, in like manner, exclusively perform the agricultural operations. "When I dined

with one of these families," says Dr. Hacquet, "if I asked any of the younger females to drink with me, she invariably refused it; but the *staramaika*, or the other old woman, complied without hesitation."—In short, such is the harmony prevailing in these houses, that three or four women live in the same room without ever falling out.

'So great is the deference paid by children to their parents, that a young man rarely courts a girl without their consent. It is commonly at the rustic dances, which take place near the church, after divine service, that these tender connexions are formed.'

Of the Uscokes we are told, that—

'Their poverty is extreme. "One day," says Dr. Hacquet, "travelling among their mountains, I met a girl about sixteen years old, carrying a sack upon her head. She asked me, in a very faint voice, for bread. I was rather surprised at this petition, for the Uscokes, be they ever so indigent, are not accustomed to beg. I was on horseback; I shewed her that I had no bread to give her, and offered her some pieces of money in its stead. She took them, but without appearing to be satisfied. The poor creature had eaten nothing for three days; her strength was exhausted, and had I given her more, it would have been of no use to her. It was then the month of April, and bread was not to be procured in their villages at any price. I took her hand and felt her pulse, which beat scarcely sixty in a minute. I then inquired whither she was going, and what she was carrying in her leather bag: I supposed that it was flour, but, on inspection, it proved to be ground bark, which, in times of dearth, these wretched people mix with bran for the purpose of making bread. Fortunately, I found, at the bottom of my portmanteau, a small piece of bread, which I gave to the wretched girl, who devoured it with an avidity that I took some trouble to moderate, lest she should choke herself."

'On new-year's day, the Uscokes embrace and congratulate each other on the manner in which they have spent the preceding year. Thus, they never think of wishing you, on that day, many happy years, as is the custom with us and other nations. "What end," say they, "would it answer to form wishes for the future? it is the present that we ought to enjoy and congratulate one another upon."

'Their favourite remedy against all complaints is to drink a glass of gin, and then to bask in the sun, or wrap themselves up warm in bed, in order to produce perspiration. It is obvious that this method must be extremely dangerous in inflammatory disorders. A spirit distilled from plums, and strongly impregnated with pepper and ginger, is another remedy which they administer in fever. Against rheumatic pains they employ bricks made very hot, on which they pour vinegar, wine, or brandy, and which they then wrap in cloths. Dr. Hacquet considers this last as a very judicious application. For gout they use a plaister of dwarf elder ointment (*sambucus ebulus*.) When a sick person loses all hope of recovery, he bathes, that he may appear pure in the presence of God.'

As we do not wish to draw too largely on these little volumes, we shall confine ourselves to two short extracts more, relating to the Likanians or Croats of the mountains:—

'Prior to the reign of Joseph II. ignominious punishments were not known in this country, and it was no small difficulty to substitute them for others of a more barbarous nature. Dr. Hacquet, passing one day through the public place at Carlsbad, saw a thief in the pillory with an inscription over his head. His guide knew the culprit, who called out to him: "Look here, my friend—must not the Germans be mad to stick us up in this manner?" The Croatian, having no notion of the disgrace attached to such an exhibition, imagined that they were only making fun of his misdemeanour.

'The emperor, therefore, failed in his design. One day, reviewing the Likanians, in Gospich, their principal district, he said to the colonel.—"These brave fellows, I know, are

beaten unmercifully; let this treatment be discontinued." "Sire," replied the colonel, "I can assure your Majesty, that twenty-five strokes of a cane are nothing to a Likanian; nay, he would submit to receive them for a glass of brandy."—The emperor, who was incredulous, soon had a proof of the veracity of this statement. A soldier had been sentenced to receive one hundred strokes; the emperor arrived when he had undergone half the punishment, and remitted the rest. To his extreme mortification, the culprit immediately burst into a loud laugh at the extravagant clemency of the monarch.'

Having quoted much respecting marriage, we shall finish with a concluding ceremony; that of a Likanian funeral:—

'When a man dies, information is immediately sent to the minister of the district, who causes all the bells to be rung. This formality is necessary, in their opinion, for the salvation of the soul, and for its more speedy release from purgatory. The corpse is, meanwhile, washed, dressed, and laid upon a plank; if the deceased was a Catholic, a single cross is put into his right hand, and a double one if he belonged to the Greek church. His near relations then assemble round him, and cover him with kisses and with tears. One of the fathers of families—three, four, and sometimes more living together in a house—delivers the funeral harangue. The friends of the deceased speak in their turns, and, in a lamentable tone, relate his exploits or his good actions. After this, they ask him why he has left his wife, children, friends, and comrades?—how his wife and children will make shift to live without his assistance?—how his comrades are to go to war or to the chase without him? These interrogatories are succeeded by forced tears, since they must begin and cease according to prescribed rules. A more affecting ceremony follows. The family of the deceased come to take leave of him, with repeated kisses and embraces. The priest at length arrives with his train, and commands silence. Prayers are said, after which the corpse is deposited in the coffin, and having been again kissed by all present, it is conveyed to the church with the face uncovered. The relatives open the procession, the women follow, and then the friends. The women rend the air with their lamentations in a kind of chant, in which they extol the good qualities and virtues of the deceased. When the religious service is finished, the persons present give a parting kiss to the corpse. The coffin is then closed and committed to the ground. In the mean time, a feast is prepared in the house of the deceased for his near relations. Here they imbibe such copious consolations that they almost always return home dead drunk. The following day, the relatives bring wine and provisions ready dressed, according to their circumstances, and continue their orgies for a whole week.'

Narrative of the Operations and Recent Discoveries within the Pyramids, Temples, Tombs, and Excavations in Egypt and Nubia, &c. By G. Belzoni.

(Continued from our last, p. 807.)

IN penetrating several of the tombs of the kings in the valley of Beban el Malook, and particularly that of Psammuthis, of the representations and sculptures of which drawings were made, M. Belzoni found a relic of antiquity, which he considers as meriting the most particular attention, not having its equal in the world, and being such as he had no idea could exist:—

'It is a sarcophagus of the finest oriental alabaster, nine feet five inches long, and three feet seven inches wide. Its thickness is only two inches, and it is transparent when a light is placed in the middle of it. It is minutely sculptured within and without with several hundred figures, which do not exceed two inches in height, and represent, as I suppose, the whole of the funeral procession and ceremonies relating to the

deceased, united with several emblems, &c. I cannot give an adequate idea of this beautiful and invaluable piece of antiquity, and can only say, that nothing has been brought into Europe from Egypt, that can be compared with it. The cover was not there; it had been taken out, and broken into several pieces, which we found in digging before the first entrance. The sarcophagus was over a staircase in the centre of the saloon, which communicated with a subterraneous passage, leading downwards, three hundred feet in length.

M. Belzoni next determined on penetrating one of the famous pyramids, and, after an immense labour, succeeded in discovering the entrance, and reached a portcullis; but here a large block of stone stared him in the face, and appeared to say, *ne plus ultra*. M. Belzoni is one of those individuals who will either attain his object, or be satisfied that it is unattainable, and he persevered until the stone was removed and the passage opened, which is only four feet high and three feet six inches wide. After thirty days' exertion, he reached the central chamber, where he found a sarcophagus. This chamber is forty-six feet three inches long, sixteen feet three inches wide, and twenty-three feet six inches high.

'It is cut out of the solid rock from the floor to the roof, which is composed of large blocks of calcareous stone, meeting in the centre, and forming a roof of the same slope as the pyramid itself. The sarcophagus is eight feet long, three feet six inches wide, and two feet three inches deep in the inside. It is surrounded by large blocks of granite, apparently to prevent its removal, which could not be effected without great labour. The lid had been broken at the side, so that the sarcophagus was half open. It is of the finest granite; but, like the other in the first pyramid, there is not one hieroglyphic on it.'

On the wall, at the west end of the chamber, was an inscription in Arabic, which has been thus translated by Mr. Salame.

'The Master Mohammed Ahmed lapicide, has opened them; and the Master Ottoman attended this (*opening*;) and the King Alij Mohammed at first (*from the beginning*) to the closing up.'

M. Belzoni refutes the general assertion, that the pyramids were built of stone brought from the east side of the Nile; since stones of immense size have been cut from the very rocks around the pyramids, and there is yet stone enough to build many others if required. He is of opinion, that the pyramids were erected before writing in hieroglyphics was invented, and that they were erected as sepulchres. By the measurement which he took of the second pyramid, he found it to be as follows:—

'The basis	Feet. 684
Apotome, or central line down the front, from the top to the basis	568
Perpendicular	456
Coating from the top to the place where it ends	140'

In M. Belzoni's narrative of a third journey to Thebes, we have the following account of the administration of justice. This was at Siout. Speaking of the Bey, he says,—

'At four o'clock I went to his palace. He was sitting on a very high armed chair, a fashion not common among Turks; though he did not sit like an European, but in the Turkish manner, with his legs up. Here I had an opportunity of being present at a trial upon life or death. The case was this: a soldier belonging to the Bey had been found dead upon the road, near the village of Acmin, with his throat cut, and se-

veral marks of violence upon his body. He was on his return from Mecca, where he had been on a pilgrimage. His camel was found dead near the door of a peasant, and it was supposed that he had a great deal of money about him. He was seen in the house of the peasant near which the camel was found, in company with seven other men, among whom was a Bedowen. The soldiers of the village, who took the prisoners into custody, asserted, that the prisoners had assisted the Bedowen in making his escape; and the sheik of the same village affirmed, that one of them said he knew where to find him at any time. Several witnesses were examined, but no one gave any evidence that could bring the facts home to the supposed culprits.

'One point, however, was very much against one of them, and this was, his countenance did not please the bey; for no sooner did the bey set his eyes on the poor fellow, than he exclaimed, "O ho! the case is evident! I see plainly who is the murderer; look at that man; can there be any doubt but it was he who committed the crime? So own at once that you did it, for denial will be useless; I see it in your face!" I must confess, I never saw more appearance of the assassin in a countenance in my life; but God forbid, that our courts of justice should adopt such a method of proceeding, and condemn people merely because the expression of their features is against them. Several witnesses came forward to prove, that the peasant, in whose house the soldier was, could have had nothing to do with it, as he was not in the town at the time. I have reason to believe, that witnesses in that country are rather more exact in their depositions than those of Europe, for they do not get off so easily as in our country. To make them impartial, they generally get so severe a bastinado on the soles of their feet, that all the flesh is off to the bones, and they are unable to walk for a long time after. A thousand blows is reckoned a moderate number for a witness to receive. The business ended this day with beating and sending to prison again. I heard afterwards, however, that several of those supposed to be concerned in the murder, had their heads cut off; but for this I have no further authority than my own interpreter.'

In a journey to the Red Sea, our traveller was enabled to confirm the disputed assertion of Mr. Bruce's visiting the Emerald Mountains; the many confirmations which the narrative of our enterprising countryman has recently received, ought to entitle him to credit where such confirmations are yet wanting. On the banks of the Red Sea, M. Belzoni's guide met with an acquaintance, who lived by catching fish:—

'His only habitation consisted of a tent, four feet high and five feet wide; and his wife, a daughter, and a young man, her husband, formed the whole family. We contrived to persuade the old man to go out and fish, and, though he was living in those deserts, he knew the worth of money, for he said, that there were people among them who went yearly on the Nile and purchased dhourra, which they carried on camels all round those deserts, and sold it to the inhabitants, for which they took in exchange either camels or money; consequently we easily persuaded the old fisher to go out and catch fish for us; in fact, he set off to sea, accompanied by his son-in-law. Their mode of fishing is somewhat strange; they throw in the water a part of the trunk of the doomt tree, perhaps ten or twelve feet long, at each end of which is a piece of wood attached, in an horizontal direction, so as to prevent the tree from turning round; at one of the ends a small pole is stuck upright, to serve as a mast, on the top of which there is a piece of wood horizontally fastened as that below. A woollen shawl thrown over it, and fastened at each end, and to the piece of wood horizontally fixed below, forms a kind of sail, and the two fishermen mount on the large trunk as on horseback, and by way of cord, attached to the middle of the sail, take the wind more or less as is required. But it is only when the wind blows either from north or south that such

a contrivance can serve: for if it blows from the east, they cannot set off their boat from the shore; or if it blows from the west, it will blow them too far out at sea. When the fishermen are thus at some distance from the shore, I do not know by what means the rest of the operation is executed; but from what I could see, they darted their long thin spear at the fish when they happened to see any, and by these means they procured their subsistence. On their return they brought us four fish, each of about six pounds weight, and one foot six inches long; they were of a strong blue silvered colour: their fins, head, and tail red; and their teeth, which are only four, are quite flat and out of their mouths. They had very large scales, and their form not unlike the *bénne* of the Nile. I am certain the Egyptians must have had a knowledge of this fish, as it is so clearly seen in their hieroglyphics; and in the new tomb of Psamethis I saw some painted exactly as they are in reality. They are exceedingly good, have very few bones, and very large galls.'

The miseries to be encountered in travelling in the desert, are thus forcibly described:—

'Many perish victims of the most horrible thirst. It is then that the value of a cup of water is really felt. He that has a *zenzabia* of it is the richest of all. In such a case there is no distinction; if the master has none, the servant will not give it to him; for very few are the instances where a man will voluntarily lose his life to save that of another, particularly in a caravan in the desert, where people are strangers to each other. What a situation for a man, though a rich one, perhaps the owner of all the caravans! He is dying for a cup of water—no one gives it to him—he offers all he possesses—no one hears him—they are all dying—though by walking a few hours farther they might be saved; the camels are lying down, and cannot be made to rise—no one has strength to walk—only he that has a glass of that precious liquor lives to walk a mile farther, and perhaps dies too. If the voyages on seas are dangerous, so are those in the deserts: at sea, the provisions very often fail; in the desert it is worse; at sea, storms are met with; in the desert, there cannot be a greater storm than to find a dry well; at sea, one meets with pirates—we escape—we surrender—we die; in the desert they rob the traveller of all his property and water; they let him live, perhaps, but what a life! to die the most barbarous and agonizing death. In short, to be thirsty in a desert, without water, exposed to the burning sun, without shelter, and no hopes of finding either, is the most terrible situation that a man can be placed in; and, I believe, one of the greatest sufferings that a human being can sustain; the eyes grow inflamed, the tongue and lips swell; a hollow sound is heard in the ears, which brings on deafness, and the brains appear to grow thick and inflamed: all these feelings arise from the want of a little water. In the midst of all this misery, the deceitful morasses appear before the traveller at no great distance, something like a lake or river of clear fresh water. The deception of this phenomenon is well known, as I mentioned before; but it does not fail to invite the longing traveller towards that element, and to put him in remembrance of the happiness of being on such a spot. If, perchance, a traveller is not undeceived, he hastens his pace to reach it sooner; the more he advances towards it, the more it goes from him, till at last it vanishes entirely, and the deluded passenger often asks where is the water he saw at no great distance; he can scarcely believe that he was so deceived; he protests that he saw the waves running before the wind, and the reflection of the high rocks in the water.

'If, unfortunately, any one falls sick on the road, there is no alternative; he must endure the fatigue of travelling on a camel, which is troublesome even to healthy people, or he must be left behind on the sand, without any assistance, and remain so till a slow death come to relieve him. What horror! What a brutal proceeding to an unfortunate sick man! No one remains with him, not even his old and faithful servant; no one will stay and die with him; all pity his fate, but no one

will be his companion. Why not stop the whole caravan till he is better, or do what they can for the best, till he dies? No, this delay cannot be; it will put all in danger of perishing of thirst, if they do not reach the next well in such a time; besides, they are all different parties generally of merchants or travellers, who will not only refuse to put themselves in danger, but will not even wait a few hours to save the life of an individual, whether they know him or not.

'In contrast to the evil, there is the luxury of the desert and also its sport, which is generally at the well; there one enjoys all the delight of drinking as much water as one likes, which tastes not unlike cordials or other precious liquors, with the others in that situation.'

M. Belzoni next determined on removing the obelisk, (already noticed,) from the island of Philæ to Alexandria. In embarking, it (the obelisk) broke down the pier, and, 'with some of the men, took a slow movement, and majestically descended into the river.' After the labour of a few days, it was recovered, embarked, and safely landed at Alexandria. The last journey of M. Belzoni was to the Oasis of Ammon, which he commenced on the 20th of April, 1819. He visited the pyramids of bricks, the Temple of Haron, the ruins of ancient Arsinoë, &c. At the village of Zaboo, there is a fountain of water, or rather a running spring, very convenient for the people, 'for by putting their woollen cloth, if white, into it for 24 hours, it is taken out as black as any dyer could make it.' At the village of El Cassar, he visited the tombs and the celebrated fountain mentioned by Herodotus, which induces him to believe that this spot was the site of Jupiter Ammon's Temple, notwithstanding the opinion of other travellers to the contrary. As the last journey of M. Belzoni is the least interesting, we pass it over without further notice, in order that we may pay our respects to his good lady, Mrs. Belzoni, whose 'Trifling Account of the Women of Egypt, Nubia, and Syria,' will form the subject of our next article.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE NORTH POLAR PASSAGE.

[Concluded from p. 819.]

WE now come to the last two works which we placed at the head of the first article on this subject. They relate to the voyage of Captain Ross. One is written by himself, and the other by an officer on board the *Alexander*, one of the ships in that expedition. The authors differ considerably as to the probability of discovering a north-west passage, and also as to some of the facts.

It can scarcely be necessary to state the circumstances under which the expedition was sent out, or the preparations that were made for it. It is sufficient to say, that two ships, the *Isabella*, of 385 tons, and the *Alexander*, of 252 tons, were purposely fitted up for the voyage, and equipped with every necessary that might aid them in the objects of it. The command of the expedition was given to Captain Ross; Lieutenant Parry commanding the *Alexander*.

The official instructions given to Captain Ross were, that he should make the best of his way to Davis's Straits, ascertain the direction of the currents, avail himself of every means of improving the geography and hydrography of the Arctic Regions, collect specimens of the animal, mineral, and vegetable kingdoms, &c.; but the main object of the enterprize was, 'the solution of the long-agitated question respecting the existence of a pas-

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sage from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, by way of Davis's Strait and Baffin's Bay.' If he succeeded in doubling the north-east Cape of America, and getting into the Pacific Ocean by Behring's Straits, he was to winter there, and return, if it could be prudently attempted, by the same route.

The vessels left Shetland on the 3d of May, 1818; and on the 23d of July, reached 75 deg. 12 min. of north latitude. On the 9th of August, when in latitude 75 deg. 55 min., north longitude, 65 deg. 32 min. west, they were surprised by the appearance of several men on the ice. These belonged to the previously unknown tribe of Esquimaux, and inhabit a country to which Captain Ross gave the name of Arctic Highlands, and of which he gives the following account:—

'The country to which I have given the name of Arctic Highlands, is situated in the north-east corner of Baffin's Bay, between the latitudes of 76 deg. and 77 deg. 40 min. north, and the longitudes of 60 deg. and 72 deg. west, thus extending on the sea-shore for 120 miles in a north-west direction; the breadth, where widest, does not exceed 20 miles, and towards the extremities is reduced to nothing. It is bounded on the south by an immense barrier of mountains covered with ice, which takes its rise in latitude 74 deg. 30 min. and extends to 76 deg. north. As far as could be judged from the ships, this barrier is impassable, and in many places the solid ice extends for several miles into the sea, from the precipices with which it is connected. The interior country presents an irregular group of mountainous land, declining gradually from the high ridge before mentioned, towards the sea, which it reaches in an irregular manner, and still at a considerable elevation; the sea-cliffs ranging from 500 to 1000 feet in height. This tract is almost entirely covered with ice, and appeared to be impassable.'

As we are anxious to confine ourselves to the more immediate object of the expedition, that of discovering a polar passage, we omit all notice of the extravagant and improbable accounts given by the author of the Arctic Highlanders, who danced Scotch reels and saluted each other by touching noses.

The highest northern latitude reached by the expedition, was 76 deg. 57 min. when, on the 23d of August, they 'successively made out the north and south points of the land across the bottom of a bay, or inlet, which answered Baffin's description of Jones's Sound.' These they named Capes Hardwicke and Caledon; and, as a ridge of mountains was seen to extend quite across the bottom of it, it was determined there could be no passage in that direction, and they began to beat to the southward, where they made no new discovery, but confirmed the accuracy of Baffin. Captain Ross, finding that, according to his instructions from the Admiralty, as to the time of his leaving the ice, that he had but eight days remaining to explore the remainder of Baffin's Bay, a distance of about 400 miles, one half of which had never been examined, he proceeded to that spot where he was led to expect the current, but he did not find the least indication of a passage. He then traversed the rest of the bay, and came to this hasty conclusion, that in proving 'the existence of a bay from Disco to Cumberland Strait,' he had 'set at rest for ever the question of a north-west passage in that direction.' Captain Ross then left the ice, and reached Shetland on the 30th of October, without losing a man, or having either officer or man on the sick list during the voyage.

Lancaster Sound, the place where the passage was to be

sought, and which was to have been most investigated, was left in doubt by Captain Ross, or rather, as Captain Parry's expedition has since proved, he was quite in error respecting it. After sailing about 80 miles up Baffin's Bay, Captain Ross says,—

'I distinctly saw the land round the bottom of the bay, forming a connected chain of mountains with those which extended along the north and south sides. The land appeared to beat the distance of eight leagues; at this moment I saw also a continuity of ice, at the distance of seven miles, extending from one side of the bay to the other, between the nearest cape to the north, which I named after Sir George Warren-der, and that to the south, which was named after Viscount Castlereagh. The mountains which occupied the centre in a north and south direction, were named Croker's Mountains, after the secretary to the Admiralty. The south-west corner, which formed a spacious bay, completely occupied by ice, was named Barrow's Bay.'

Captain Parry, in his late expedition, sailed over these Croker Mountains, and penetrated, we believe, upwards of 400 miles beyond them. The mountains are now, therefore, converted into a bay, to which the Admiralty secretary's name is still attached. To prove that there is no passage from the northernmost extremity of Baffin's Bay, Captain Ross states, that—

'On the 19th of August, at 50 minutes past midnight, the ship being nearly in the 77 deg. of north latitude, ten leagues to the westward of Cape Saumarez, which forms the east side and the bottom of this bay, the land was distinctly seen. On the 20th and 21st, when off Cape Clarence, at the distance of six leagues, the land which forms the west side and the bottom of this bay, was also distinctly seen by the above-mentioned officers and myself, and by these two observations the coast is determined to be connected all round. At each of these periods, this immense bay was observed to be covered with field ice; besides which, a vast chain of large icebergs was seen to extend across it; these were, apparently, aground, and had probably been driven on shore there by southerly gales. It was also observed, that the tide rose and fell only four feet, and that the stream of it was scarcely perceptible.

'From these several considerations, it appears perfectly certain that the land is here continuous, and that there is no opening at the northernmost part of Baffin's Bay from Hack-luit's Island to Cape Clarence. Even if it be imagined by those who are unwilling to concede their opinions while there is yet a single yarn of their hypothesis holding, that some narrow strait may exist through these mountains, it is evident, that it must for ever be unnavigable, and that there is not even a chance of ascertaining its existence, since all approach to the bottom of these bays is prevented by the ice, which fills them to so great a depth, and appears never to have moved from its station.'

The officer on board the *Alexander*, in his journal of the voyage, states, that great hopes were entertained of a passage through Lancaster Sound, until the *Isabella*, Captain Ross's ship, turned back, and it was declared, there was no passage. Speaking of the vessels sailing up the inlet, he says,—

'Not any ice was to be seen in any direction; and at seven o'clock, the weather being remarkably fine and clear, land was not to be discerned between north 21 deg. west, and north 47 deg. east. At this time, our distance from the northern land was estimated at seven or eight leagues, and from the southern, six or seven leagues; but, alas! the sanguine hopes and high expectations excited by this promising appearance of things, were but of a short duration, for, about three o'clock in the afternoon, the *Isabella* tacked, very much to our surprise indeed, as we could not see any thing like land at the bottom of the inlet, nor was the weather well calculated at the

time for seeing any object at a great distance, it being somewhat hazy. When she tacked, the *Isabella* was about three or four miles ahead of us, so that, considering the state of the weather, and a part of this additional distance, for we did not tack immediately on her tacking, but stood on towards her, some allowance is to be made for our not seeing the land all around. Ocular demonstration would certainly have been very satisfactory to us, on a point in which we were so much interested; but we must be content, as there cannot be any doubt but that all in the *Isabella* were fully convinced of the continuity of land at the bottom of the inlet, or, as I may now venture to call it, agreeably to Baffin, sound. Our latitude at noon, by account, was 74 deg. 08 min. 56 sec. north, and longitude, by chronometer, 80 deg. 29 min. 55 sec. west. At the time we tacked, namely, at 40 minutes past three p. m. our latitude, by account, was 74 deg. 14 min. 50 sec., and our longitude also by account, 81 deg. 09 min. 50 sec. west. This was our farthest progress west in the inlet, or sound.

From this extract it will be seen, that the inferences drawn by Captain Ross were not even satisfactory to all those engaged in the expedition, and hence the necessity of further investigation. That investigation has now been made by the late expedition, and the result has been most satisfactory. Without attaching any blame to Captain Ross, who is a very able navigator, and a very conscientious man, we regret that, either from his limited instructions, or from any other cause, he was led to draw such positive conclusions on subjects which were far from being fully examined, and in which the officers of the expedition were not all unanimous. To state the points in which Captain Ross erred, is not necessary at present, since they will come more completely before us when Captain Parry's narrative is published, and which we look for with much eagerness.

Time's Telescope for 1821; or, a Complete Guide to the Almanack: containing an Explanation of Saints' Days and Holidays, &c.; Sketches of comparative Chronology; Astronomical Occurrences in every Month; the Naturalist's Diary, &c. To which are prefixed the Elements of British Ornithology. 12mo. pp. 314. London, 1821.

SEVEN preceding volumes have attested the zeal, the industry, and the ingenuity of the author of 'Time's Telescope'; and, although it might be supposed that the customs observed on particular days would have been long ago exhausted, yet something to the purpose is still yielded to diligent research; while the ever varying field of nature presents a rich and exhaustless store on which the author can draw freely, and thus render one great feature in *Time's Telescope*, the *Naturalists' Calendar*, perpetually novel and interesting. The introduction to the present volume gives what is modestly termed the *Outlines of Ornithology*, but which, in fact, is a brief but connected view of that interesting branch of Natural History. On the whole, the volume for the present year is equal to any of its predecessors, and we, perhaps, could not pay a higher compliment to a work which has, for seven successive years, enjoyed so large a share of public approbation. We subjoin an extract which, if not one of the most interesting in the volume, is, at least, seasonable.

Christmas Day.—'The feast of our Saviour's nativity was, undoubtedly, celebrated in the early ages of Christianity; for we are told that, under the persecution of Maximinus, that emperor burnt a church at Nicomedia, which was filled with Chris-

tians assembled to keep this festival. St. Gregory terms it the festival of festivals; and St. Chrysostom, the chief of all festivals. It is named Christmas-day, from the Latin *Christi missa*, the Mass of Christ, and thence the Roman Catholic liturgy is termed their missal, or mass book. About the year 500, the observation of this day became general in the Catholic church.

' "There is one portion of the winter," observes an amiable writer, "when the fire-side, from the customary convivialities of the period, becomes peculiarly attractive. I allude to the season of Christmas, a festival which, from a vivid recollection of the manner of its celebration in the North, about forty years ago, has been indissolubly associated in my mind with all the delightful reminiscences of early life; blending the rainbow visions of youth and unalloyed hope, with those religious feelings and innocent recreations which give to the close of the year so hallowed, and, at the same time, so exhilarating an aspect.

' "With what a soothing melancholy, as the blast sweeps across my shutters and whistles round my room, do I often sit by the fire-side on the dark nights of December, and call to mind the festive pleasures of a northern Christmas eve;

The happy night,
That, to the cottage as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down;

when, after having surrounded the yule-clog, as it lay in ponderous majesty on the kitchen floor, and each had sung his yule-song, standing on its centre, we consigned it to the flames that

Went roaring up the chimney wide,
and tripping across the hall, sprang with joyous faces into the parlour, where the tale, the dance, and the game, the minced-pie, and the spiced bowl, rendered doubly sweet by the approving smiles of our delighted parents, completed our satisfaction.

' "It is in combination with imagery such as this, which, in the morning of life, spread as it were, a fairy mantle over the severest rigours of the season; that winter, independent of the attractions arising from its awful and sublime scenery, ever after charms. Well may those, who are still wise enough to cherish the feelings of these enviable hours, and love to see them remembered in the sparkling eyes and joyous gambols of their own children, deprecate, with our poet laureate, the misrepresentation of the season as cheerless and severe:—

They should have drawn thee by the high-heaped hearth,
Old Winter! seated in thy great armed chair,
Watching the children at their Christmas mirth;
Or circled by them, as thy lips declare
Some merry jest, or tale of murder dire,
Or troubled spirit that disturbs the night;
Pausing at times to move the languid fire,
Or taste the old October, brown and bright."

' Christmas as it was two hundred years ago, is faithfully depicted in the following merry Carol by "George Wither;" in which it will be seen, the same complaints prevailed then, as of late, in regard to the decay of hospitality, the hardship of the times, and the extravagances practised in the upper classes of life:—

' So now is come our joyfulst feast;
Let every man be jolly;
Each room with ivy leaves is drest,
And every post with holly.
Though some churls at our mirth repine,
Round your foreheads garlands twine;
Drown sorrow in a cup of wine,
And let us all be merry.

Now all our neighbours' chimnies smoke,
And Christmas blocks are burning;
Their ovens they with baked meat choke,
And all their spits are turning.

Without the door let sorrow lie ;
And if for cold it hap to die,
We'll bury't in a Christmas pie,
And evermore be merry.

Now every lad is wond'rous trim,
And no man minds his labour ;
Our lasses have provided them
A bagpipe and a tabor ;
Young men and maids, and girls and boys,
Give life to one another's joys ;
And you anon shall by their noise
Perceive that they are merry.

Rank misers now do sparing shun ;
Their hall of music soundeth ;
And dogs thence with whole shoulders run,
So all things there aboundeth.
The country folks themselves advance,
With crowdy-muttons out of France ;
And Jack shall pipe and Jyll shall dance,
And all the town be merry.

Ned Squash hath fetcht his bands from pawn,
And all his best apparel ;
Brisk Nell hath bought a ruff of lawn
With dropping of the barrel.
And those that hardly all the year
Had bread to eat, or rags to wear,
Will have both clothes and dainty fare,
And all the day be merry.

Now poor men to the justices
With capons make their errands ;
And if they hap to fail of these,
They plague them with their warrants ;
But now they feed them with good cheer
And what they want, they take in beer,
For Christmas comes but once a year,
And then they shall be merry.

Good farmers in the country nurse
The poor, that else were undone ;
Some landlords spend their money worse,
On lust and pride at London.
There the roysters they do play,
Drab and dice their lands away,
Which may be ours another day,
And therefore let's be merry.

The client now his suit forbears,
The prisoner's heart is eased ;
The debtor drinks away his cares,
And for the time is pleased.
Though others' purses be more fat,
Why should we pine, or grieve at that ?
Hang sorrow ! care will kill a cat,
And therefore let's be merry.

Hark ! now the wags abroad do call
Each other forth to rambling ;
Anon you'll see them in the hall,
For nuts and apples scrambling.
Hark ! how the roofs with laughter sound,
Anon, they'll think the house goes round,
For they the cellar's depth have found,
And there they will be merry.

The wenches, with their wassel bowls,
About the streets are singing ;
The boys are come to catch the owls,
The wild mare in it bringing.
Our kitchen-boy hath broke his box,
And to the dealing of the ox,
Our honest neighbours come by flocks,
And here they will be merry.

Now kings and queens poor sheepcotes have,
And mute with every body ;
The honest now may play the knave,
And wise men play the noddie.
Some youths will now a mumming go,
Some others play at Rowland-bo,
And twenty other game boys mo,
Because they will be merry.

Then wherefore, in these merry daies,
Should we, I pray, be duller ?
No, let us sing some roundelays,
To make our mirth the fuller.
And, while thus inspired we sing,
Let all the streets with echoes ring ;
Woods and hills, and every thing,
Bear witness we are merry.

Biographical Sketches of Dr. Benjamin Franklin, General Washington, and Thomas Paine ; with an Essay on Atheism and Infidelity. By C. Hulbert. 18mo. pp. 90. London, 1820.

MR. HULBERT is evidently a very well-intentioned writer ; but we suspect he has been rather unfortunate in the selection of his subjects, when he wished to contrast the death of 'a notorious unbeliever' with that of those who 'have approached the nearest to the Christian standard.' Indeed, he does not venture to say that Washington and Franklin were 'precisely of this description.' Washington must ever be revered for his public virtue, but of his religious principles we know nothing. Franklin has little claims to approbation on the score of morality. Cunning and policy, nearly allied to artifice, were the leading features of his character. Paine might be 'a notorious unbeliever ;' but in the cause which ennobled the names of Franklin and Washington, that of the independence of America, he was as active, and, perhaps, as much entitled to praise as either of them, and yet he was treated very ungratefully in the United States. As a biography of three such remarkable men, at a moderate expense, this work is deserving of success.

Choicest Flowers of English Poetry ; or, the New Poetical Bouquet : including nearly One Hundred Popular and interesting Pieces. By C. Hulbert. 18mo. pp. 198. London, 1820.

As an interesting and diversified collection of short poems, we recommend this work. It is devotional, sentimental, descriptive, and humorous, and will relieve a tedious half hour very agreeably, whenever a reader chooses to dip into it.

Original Communications.

CLERICAL DANCING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.

SIR,—I am anxious for the solution of a question that much perplexes me, the merits of which, I am sure, will be fairly canvassed among your correspondents. Is dancing consistent with the clerical character ? By accident, the other evening, I fell into what is termed a fashionable quadrille party. I was much solicited to dance by the master of the house, with whom alone, of the company present,

I was acquainted. Wavering between two opinions, and determined not to commit myself, I declined altogether. What was the result? I soon found myself neglected and alone, and left the room in consequence. It must, I think, be acknowledged, that such is the rage for dancing, that the ladies cannot exist without it. If, then, in order to be known to, and admired by, the fair sex, and which the priest as well as the layman must be concerned about, dancing is indispensably requisite; what is to be done? Will it be said that the clergyman may omit attending such parties. I answer, all, to which the ladies resort, are such. I confess, however hard the deprivation may seem, the balance, in my estimation, that way preponderates. My opinion was partly formed from seeing a person enter the room apparently between twenty and thirty,—a man of becoming gravity and dignified deportment; I heard him converse, and perceived that he was a man of sense and learning. Such an one, thinks I, would truly personate the clerical character. A few minutes after, I beheld his features gradually unbend, his visage assume the sportive air of the facetious coxcomb; and lo! he mixes in the quadrille with studied caper, and frisks it to the sonoric tickling of the violin. Is this a reasonable recreation? There is an apothegm,—*Nemo sobrius saltat*; and Horace favours this opinion when he says, '*Saltat Melonius, ut semel icto accessit fervor capiti, numerusque lucernis.*'—SAT. 1st. LIB. 2.

Melonius dances, capers when he's drunk; and why?
The objects dance before his swimming eye,
And e'en the candles seem to multiply.

Your very humble servant,
Essex. REV. P.—

Sketches of Life and Character, BY HER PRESENT MAJESTY, QUEEN CAROLINE. (Concluded from p. 796.)

CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

RELIGIOUS liberty must ever go hand in hand with political. Where tyranny exists, it will be perpetually borrowing, or attempting to borrow aid from the mysterious trickeries of superstition. The free circulation of sentiment on religious topics, will, of itself, produce that independence of mind which is highly favourable to the interests of civil liberty.

The Scots paid dear for their religious liberty,—they purchased it at the expense of the most grievous sufferings. They must well know the value of that for which their ancestors paid so high a price: they must be well aware that the slavery of the body followed the slavery of the mind; and that, in the present state of man, it is the liberty of the press which best secures the free circulation of opinions, and is, consequently, the best friend to intellectual and personal, to civil and religious liberty.—*Answer to the Address from Lanark.*

SAFETY OF THE THRONE.

No sovereign can reign in security except his dominion is established in the affections of his subjects. The throne which is maintained by force, must be associated with the insecurity of peace. To recline on a chair of state, round which innumerable jealousies are entwined, and numberless suspicious swarm, is to enjoy the parade of royalty, not only at the expense of repose, but of all that can make

life sweet. Care is no less care though it is decorated with gold: nor are the ordinary inquietudes of life soothed into repose by the mantle of imperial magnificence.—*Answer to the Address from Cricklade.*

The love of the people is the best protection of sovereigns: a sovereign, hedged round with bayonets, is never so free from inquietudes as he whose strength is the good will, and whose assurance of safety is the affections of his people. The very security, that absurd custom or absurd power renders necessary, becomes itself an object of torturing apprehension.—*Answer to Address from Wandsworth.*

A CORRUPT SYSTEM.

The present system is so vitiated, not only at the extremities, but at the very core, that, like the leprosy of old, it infects whatever it touches, and leaves nothing uncontaminated within the proximity of its influence. There are said to be certain trees, which pollute the atmosphere around, and suffer no vegetation within their reach. The extent of their influence is marked by an area of sterility. The corruption of the present system is of this kind. It will not suffer integrity within its confines. If it does enter, it must soon depart, or it languishes and dies.

All human institutions have a natural tendency to degenerate from their first purpose, to be perverted in their agency, or corrupted in their principles. Hence the necessity of perpetual vigilance and of timely reform. The word reform has nothing alarming in itself. In itself, it only means to remove from a bad state to a better; to get rid of what is morbid and gangrened; and to introduce what is vigorous and salutary. All timely reforms are safe, because they have not to contend with inveterate abuses or long-established interests.—*Answer to the Carpenters' Address.*

INNOCENCE.

Innocence is open, ingenuous, unreserved. It dreads no disclosure, and it practises no concealments. It speaks what it thinks. It has no occasion to have recourse to equivocations and double meanings. These are the refuge of falsehood, and the artifices of fraud. Innocence, when it is accompanied with great natural frankness or habitual artlessness, may, at times, be so open as to appear indiscreet to those whom malevolence has taught to be wary, and perfidy to be circumspect; but it is only guilt that seeks the obscurations of artifice, as the serpent lurks beneath the leaves.—*Answer to Address from Aberdeen.*

NATIONAL VIRTUE.

A free government will not last long without virtue in the people. Where liberty does not find virtue, it will either make it, or degenerate into servitude. There is, usually, a reciprocating agency between virtue and liberty and liberty and virtue. Virtue favours the growth, and secures the permanence, of liberty, while liberty is genial to the production of virtue, and to the diffusion of all its fair progeny, in the persons of truth, of justice, and humanity, over the land. To make people slaves to vice, in any of its forms, is to incapacitate them for liberty. The slave of sensuality will sell his birthright, even though that birthright be liberty, rather than forego the gratification of a present appetite. When liberty is in danger, let not its defence be entrusted to the inebriate or the voluptuary; for they will often be under the dominion of a passion, stronger than that of liberty: and where any do-

mineering vice can enter, tyranny will always, sooner or later, make its way.—'Answer to Address from the Coopers.'

SINCERITY.

The industrious classes of the metropolis contain few courtiers,—they comprehend what is better, a mass of honest men. To receive the spontaneous unbought homage of honest men, is more honourable to any sovereign than all the incense of flattery, and all the protestations of servility from myriads of false hearts and menial lips. It is sincerity alone that impresses a value upon the professions of friendship and the encomiums of loyalty.—*Ibid.*

KING AND PEOPLE.

The interests of the monarch are, when wisely considered, always in unison with the rights of the people; and there cannot be a more striking sign of bad times, of imminent tyranny on the one hand, or of prevalent servility on the other, than when a schism is made between the rights of the people and the interests of the sovereign. As all the productive powers of a country owe their energy,—nay, almost their vitality to its liberty, the real interest of the monarch, which is one and the same with the national prosperity, must be impaired in proportion as the people are enslaved. It is, when rightly considered, as much the interest of the monarch as it is of the people, that the nation should resist every encroachment upon its liberties. Patriotism is an attribute that may be appropriated to sovereigns in the visions of romance; but it will seldom be found to belong to them in the realities of history.—'Answer to Address from Bristol.'

Original Criticisms

ON THE PRINCIPAL PERFORMERS OF THE THEATRES
ROYAL DRURY LANE AND COVENT GARDEN.

No. VII.—MR. ABBOT AND MR. BARNARD.

'I laugh at those who while the stage they tread,
Neglect the heart, to cultivate the head;
With strict propriety their cares confin'd,
To weigh out words, while passion halts behind.'—CHURCHILL.

THE same reason which induced us to place Mr. Terry in the class of tragedians, has actuated us with regard to Messrs. Abbot and Barnard, both of whom, although in a far inferior rank to any of our former sketches, are still more entitled to the appellation of votaries of Melpomene than of Thalia. These gentlemen may be considered as the most useful appendages to our winter theatres; if they seldom move their audiences with delight, they never excite their disgust; if they seldom astonish us by the brilliancy of their genius or their flashing enunciation, yet their happy conceptions always command our attention and respect. When we call them useful actors, we do not apply the epithet like those newspapers who bestow it on every actor who can do a number of things respectably, and nothing well. Perhaps Mr. Abbot is the best of the two, and he would stand considerably higher were he not so excessively self-conceited; he is too fond of adjusting his neckcloth, of displaying his pocket-handkerchief and his attitudes, and of addressing his soliloquies to some friends in the pit,—in a word he does not appear to be thinking of what his character demands, but of what the ladies in the boxes are thinking of him. It is this inattention to the business of the scene, which materially in-

duces the effect of his Lysimachus, Laertes, and Appius Claudius, otherwise extremely good performances. If he had a little more feeling, his Young Woodville, in the 'Wheel of Fortune', and Carlos, in 'Isabella', would be entitled to considerable commendation. His acting is always rational and manly, and his deportment always that of a gentleman. His Colonel Mannering, Lewson, Sir George Touchwood, and Sir John Melville, are all played like gentlemen; in the latter character, his embarrassment upon being discovered by Miss Sterling, paying his addresses to her sister, is exceedingly well managed and highly natural. He performs Valcour, in the 'Point of Honour,' with a foppishness that delights, and a degree of feeling that goes to the heart; he should, however, never attempt Mercutio; he has neither gaiety nor animation enough for it. He gives to Richmond as much effect as it is possible; but the agonies of the heart-broken Macduff are far beyond him; we could almost say the same of his Castalio. He should never have attempted Jaffier; it is an extremely difficult character, and one which is never rendered effective excepting through the excellence of its representative. In farce, he is agreeably easy, and frequently very spirited. Wing'em, in 'Husbands and Wives'; Sponge, in 'Whereshall I Dine'; Col. Tivy; Lord Henry, in 'Personation,' and Lord Rakeland, in the 'Wedding Day,' are all very entertaining. But he is certainly more at home in melo-drama: Lothair, Aubrie, the Warlock of the Glen, and several characters in melo-dramas of his own composition, are played with much spirit, feeling, and pathos. His Guiderius is a praise-worthy performance, nor must we forget Moneses; in the scene in which he braves the resentment of Bazazet, he displays traits of very superior acting. There is but little interest in the character of Faulkland, but in the manner in which Mr. Abbot enacts the part, he is made the most insipid of walking gentlemen. His Duke Orsino, and Frederick, in 'Henri Quatre,' are merely tolerable. We have, however, much pleasure in giving unqualified approbation to his Rashleigh Osbaldistone, and Monteith, in the new tragedy of 'Wallace'; he gives great effect to characters in themselves highly repulsive; indeed, we doubt whether we have any performer who could have done them more or even so much justice.

We turn now to Mr. BARNARD, who is—

'In person tall, a figure form'd to please,
If symmetry could charm, devoid of ease.'

This gentleman's principal faults are a constant sameness both in voice and manner in tragedy, and a terrible stiffness in his arms; the latter, however, although generally disgusting, becomes an excellence when used in such characters as Florentine Finickin, a vulgar dandy, or gawky country lads. Mr. Barnard should never appear in any character which is necessary to the vital consequence of a tragedy; to make him a king or a hero is to make a king without dignity and a hero without spirit; he performs, however, the principal character in a farce or melo-drama with great success. This gentleman excels in three sorts of characters; in fops, country boys, and melo-drama. Next to Mr. Jones, he is the greatest *Exquisite* on the stage; witness his Restless Absent, Crackley, Captain Vain, and Captain Neville, all of which he has played at the Haymarket with much *éclat*. Crackley is a frenchified fop with an English heart, and Captain Neville is one of those eccentric beings who form a peculiar phraseology

for themselves; thus, where another person would say, 'I'll appear impudent, or I'll read this morning,' the Captain observes, 'I'll do a bit of impudent, or I'll do a bit of library.' This strange mode of speaking of the latter, coming flippantly from the tongue, and the foppishness of the former, supported as they were with humour and animation, produced a great deal of laughter. In Inkle, Titus, Earl Percy, Pylades, Harry Thunder, and Captain Glenroy, he acquits himself with that ability he so often employs to render secondary, feeble, or disagreeable, characters effective on the stage, instead of taking their natural station among the ranks of mediocrity, or in the shades of obscurity. His Edmund is creditable; his haughty bearing before the court, his combat, and his death, are highly applauded. He makes a great deal of the short but favourite part of Tressel, and relates the events of the battle at Tewksbury, with much feeling. Of his Wilford, we cannot speak too highly; it is chaste, energetic, affectionate, and formed in a good school. In Laertes, what he has to do is ably performed, the fencing scene admirably. He plays Aimwell and Young Tressilian with much animation, Young Melfort very feelingly, and Dick Dowlas perfectly true to nature. We are astonished why the character of Benvolio was allotted to him, and that of Tybalt given to a Mr. Thompson, who does not possess a single spark of dramatic talent; Benvolio may have more to say, but Tybalt is undoubtedly a part of more consequence, independently of which it is more suited to him; if he is able to perform Laertes with credit, surely he is fully competent to play Tybalt: we must, however, confess that we could not have imagined that it was possible to make so much of such an insignificant character, he gave it an interest and a prominence it had never before held. We shall be borne out in saying that he is a general actor, by adducing the characters of Young Headstrong, in 'Who's Who,' the Marquis, in the 'Midnight Hour,' Captain Bel-dare, in Love 'Laughs at Locksmiths,' &c. &c. all of which are very humorously played. His Jonas Jumble, in 'Hit or Miss,' is admirable; the transitions from his own natural character to an old soldier, a countryman, and a coachman, are excellently managed. As countrymen, Crop, Dermot, William, in 'Rosina,' and Ned, in 'My Spouse and I,' are just what they should be. But it is in melodrama that he succeeds the best; indeed, since Mr. Wallack has given up this species of acting, he has no competitor. Edward Enfield, Rosenberg, and Richard, in the Magpie, are really excellent. The character of Abdallah, in the Gewgaw of 'Justice,' was, on the first night, assigned to Mr. Wallack; it was certainly unworthy of his talents; on the following evenings, however, it devolved to Mr. Barnard, and lost none of its effect in the hands of its new representative. We are glad to see this young performer rising nightly in the good graces of his audience; he performed Cassio a short time since with extremely great success; indeed, with the exception of Mr. C. Kemble, he gives us a more faithful representation of a drunkard, than any of our performers,—witness his Charles Oakley, and Veritas, in the 'Will;' the latter character is but little known among the rising generation; it is, nevertheless, an excellent representation of the cidevant College Prig, who undertakes to travel with young men of fashion, not for the purpose of improving the understanding, but of corrupting the heart. Mr. Barnard is, on the whole, a gentlemanly and useful actor, with

much pleasing mediocrity; he is certainly an improving young man, and yet, about three years since, he was wholly without promise; his performance of several characters is now very chaste and manly, and if he will get rid of his stiffness, and persevere in his present course with classic ardour, we doubt not he will reap the fruits of his assiduity and perseverance. WILLIAM HENRY PARRY.

Original Poetry.

THE RELENTLESS FATHER.

(A TALE. *)

THEIR's is a bower—but not of bliss,—
Joy cannot spring from love like this;
Passionate guilt cannot endear—
Remorse, anxiety, and fear,
Must still attend it; and each thought
Be with a burning penance fraught.
They part,—he leaves her pale and trembling,
His own deep misery dissembling;
Hiding his fear lest some keen eye
Their love unlawful should espy.
Like a troubled spirit gliding
Along, while love's wild dream subsiding,
He awakes from fancied bliss
To know himself the wretch he is!
Whilst she, with palpitating heart
That throbs with shame and fear,
Returns whence she shall ne'er depart,
Except upon her bier!
Marked by an eye which should have been
Blind ere it looked on such a scene;
Tracked by a step, which faltered still,
As it approached that scene of ill,—
They go not back such as they came,
None, save themselves, to know their shame,
For the brand is fixed upon their name.
And he, the wronged and injured one,
Appealing to her sire,
Hath told the deed of evil done
And waken'd all his ire!
Hate must end what love begun,
The avenging act must soon be done,
Disgrace for all—or death for one.
It is the season of repose,
And on her couch Ianthe throws
A form as fair as form can be,
And limbs of rarest symmetry.
She slept—so lovely in that sleep,
That love might gaze on her, and weep
That in a thing so bright and fair,
Pollution—crime—should have a share:
That in her heart should ever rise
Aught but the holiest sympathies.
Yes, love might weep o'er her to see,
How seldom truth and beauty find,
How seldom charms and purity,
A common home in womankind!
She sleeps—like a fair child in death,
And scarce she seems to draw that breath
Which many a youth will fondly swear
Is sweeter than the summer air.
Disorder'd lie those jetty tresses,
That oft, 'mid amorous caresses,
O'er their meeting faces straying,
Shared kisses in that wanton playing.

* Occasioned by a narrative contained in the lately published Travels of the Rev. S. T. Hughes, in Sicily, Greece, and Albania, in which, see *Literary Chronicle*, No. 60, p. 436.

She sleeps—an angel, in her seeming,
 So soft, so pure, so calm her dreaming:
 And yet, methinks, an inward fear
 Might tell her soul of danger near;
 A dream might come, and she might see
 The crime of infidelity
 Punished; and in a father's hand,
 The fatal, the destroying brand!
 And when her fear to phrenzy grew,
 Might wake to find that dream too true!
 For a father and a brother come,
 Impelled by vengeance, hate, and shame;
 And bring with them that frail one's doom
 Who brought dishonor on their name.

With lighted torch, and sabre bare,
 The sire and son are standing there:
 Another hour, and he who gave
 Life to his child, shall dig her grave.
 'Better that she should lifeless lie,
 Than live an hour in infamy;
 Her death alone can now restore
 The honor of our house once more.'
 So spake the sire; but in the son
 More gentle thoughts their way had won:
 He looked on her and deeply thought
 On all their happy childhood wrought;
 The pleasures of those vanish'd years,
 Remembered now with grateful tears,
 Unmann'd him, and with sicken'd heart
 He turned, and eager to depart,
 Shrunk from that bed of death.—His sire
 Saw this kind weakness, and in ire
 Cried loudly, 'Art thou recreant too?
 Or fearest thou this just deed to do?'
 That voice, so well known, harsh and stern,
 Awoke her, nor had she to learn
 Their purpose in thus lowering there
 With brow of hate, and sabre bare.
 She rose, and falling at his feet,
 With piteous accents did she greet
 Him, who, unmoved, determined yet
 In her heart's blood his steel to wet:—
 'Oh, by these charms you lov'd to praise,
 In early childhood's happy days;
 By the paternal heart's content
 And hope, while I was innocent;
 By all the lofty dream of joy,
 (Which I was destined to destroy,)
 Oh, let a father's mercy now
 Soften thy heart, and smooth thy brow;
 But if the memory of me
 In better times, appease not thee,
 By the dear memory of her
 Whose matron virtue could not err;
 Oh, by the mother who me bore,
 The woman whom thou didst adore,
 Spare the frail offspring of her womb,
 From this deserv'd, but dreadful doom!
 Spare, save, forgive!—She could no more,
 Her strength was gone, her hope was o'er;
 For even while she pleaded thus,
 That sire, for vengeance furious,
 Lifted the steel, which, to the hilt,
 Sunk in that tender heart of guilt!
 She sigh'd, forgave him, and then fell,
 In peace for evermore to dwell.
 'Twas pride, 'twas rage, that dealt the blow,
 But pride nor rage could cure the woe,
 Unsooth'd by human care or art,
 Which rankled in that old man's heart.
 Early his son was lost; for him
 Ianthe's eyes with death-dew dim,

Pursued in melancholy power
 To his sad life's last lonely hour.
 And, though the stern sire strove to hide,
 With mark of silence, coldness, pride,
 The deep remorse that prey'd within,
 His utmost efforts could not win
 The guerdon which he strove to gain;
 All saw the still unceasing pain
 Which burnt his brain, and robb'd his breast,—
 By day, of peace,—by night, of rest.
 He learnt, and bitterly he felt,
 That the stern death his arm had dealt,
 (How'er he might the dark stain feel,)
 It was not for himself to deal.
 The victim of remorse and pride,—
 Childless, forsaken,—lone, he died.

J. W. DALBY.

The Drama.

DRURY LANE.—A new American drama has been produced at this theatre, under the title of *Pocahontas, or the Indian Princess*. We feel some doubt in knowing how to speak of this piece, but as it is announced for a fourth performance, subsequent to our writing this notice, we suppose we may venture to speak of it in the present tense. The story is founded on a striking incident, in the life of that extraordinary adventurer, Captain John Smith, who was the first governor of Virginia. Smith was taken prisoner by the Indians, and condemned to death by their king, Powhatan; his head was already on the block, and the Indians with their clubs raised ready to put him to a summary and cruel death, when Pocahontas, the daughter of the king, about twelve years of age, rushed from her father's side, placed her head on that of Captain Smith, and by her entreaties with her father, procured his liberation. Pocahontas afterwards married an English planter, in Virginia, of the name of Rolfe, and some of her descendants are now among the principal families in the colony. She came to England, and was presented at court, but died near the coast on her way back to America. Such is the original story; the drama differs from it in some respects, by making Pocahontas in love with Captain Smith, and suffering him to be betrayed by two of his own officers, to a tributary chief, whom he had imprisoned and they had set at liberty. The author has not used his materials judiciously: there is a paucity of incident in the piece, and an entire absence of all relief from the main story, either by an underplot or by any comic scenes. The language is in blank verse of a mediocre description: but, by the excellent acting of Mr. Cooper in Captain Smith, and Mrs. West in Pocahontas, the piece met with a favourable reception. Booth played the Indian Chief with much spirit, and Powell was as dignified as an Emperor of Indians could be expected. Indeed, ample justice has been done to the piece, not only in the performance, but also in the scenery, which is really beautiful.

The opera of the *Lord of the Manor*, performed for the first time at this theatre on Wednesday, attracted a crowded audience. Mr. Braham played Truemoore, and elicited that enthusiastic applause which his transcendent vocal talents never fail to command. He was encored in many of the songs, and in the favourite duet 'No! thy friend will not upbraid thee;' which was most delightfully executed by Mr. Braham and Mr. T. Cooke, who played Rashley. Madame Vestris was the Annette of the even-

ing, and played and sung charmingly. In the scene with Sir John Contrast, in which she wishes to excite his interest in favour of her father, she sung 'Once a knight (oh my story is true)' with a sweetness of voice and a playfulness which gained torrents of applause and an enthusiastic encore. Miss Cubitt and Miss Povey played Sophia and Peggy very respectably. We never saw Gattie to more advantage than in Sir John Contrast. In the whole conception of the character he was very correct, and in the interview with Annette and Sophia, and the reconciliation with his son, he displayed much genuine feeling. Barnard is a good Young Contrast, and Harley an excellent La Nippe; but what shall we say of Knight, who is rustic simplicity personified? He played Ralph; and, with the exception of his scene in Wild Oats, we never saw him play better. The scene in which he enlists was admirable; and when he was told, he must swear to be true to his king and country, his answer, 'What's the use of swearing; to be true to one's country is as natural as roast beef and plum pudding,' excited a burst of applause; perhaps it brought to the minds of the audience the loyal addresses. Moll Flagon was to have been performed by Munden, but it fell into the hands of a Mr. Williams, who got through it tolerably. The opera is very strongly cast, and went off exceedingly well.

COVENT GARDEN.—On Monday night, *Coriolanus* was performed at this theatre, Caius Marcius by Mr. Vandenhoff. Of the general character of this gentleman's abilities opinions have varied much: our first impressions were unequivocally expressed, in the notice of his *King Lear*, in last week's paper. The subsequent representation of Sir Giles Overreach, although generally considered deficient in comparison with that of Mr. Kean, induced us to express a hope of seeing him in some drama where the general interest of the piece might be in unison with that which we believed him eminently capable of exciting; his performance of *Coriolanus* fully confirms our judgment, and would, did our limits permit, afford ample scope for panegyric. His haughty demeanour, his contempt of the complaining citizens, his fierce valour, and restless impatience, while compelled to hear his own praise, were all admirably portrayed. He was equally happy in expressing his repugnance to entreat the people's favour, and the sarcastic and energetic manner in which he replied to Junius Brutus, 'Have you informed them since?' drew forth enthusiastic plaudits. His feelings of noble pride were also very finely shown throughout; and when he exclaimed, 'I will not do it, lest I surcease to honour my own truth!' the house acknowledged his talent by three distinct peals of applause. As the piece proceeded, he seemed to gain much upon the feelings of the audience;—his last scene with Aufidius was particularly good, and Mr. Egerton exerted himself very effectively. The humorous patrician, Menenius, was well sustained by Mr. Blanchard, and Mr. Yates made the most of his character; but of the rest we can say little in commendation. The piece was got up with great splendour, and the music accompanying was lively and appropriate. At the fall of the curtain, Mr. Vandenhoff was loudly called for, a practice not to be recommended, and we were well pleased that the call was not attended to. The same piece was repeated on Thursday, with, if possible, additional eclat, and Mr. Vandenhoff again received the well-merited plaudits of an admiring audience.

Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

Galvanic Magnetism.—A most interesting paper by Sir Humphry Davy, was lately read at the Royal Society, 'On the Magnetising Influence of Galvanism, in which various new and curious experiments on this subject were detailed, which clearly establish the fact, that the Galvanic fluid, directed in a proper manner, is capable of communicating magnetic properties to bars of steel. If steel bars or rods be exposed to the Galvanic current, placed in the direction of the magnetic axis, no effect follows; but if they be placed parallel with the magnetic equator, they become magnetic—the end placed to the west becoming the north pole of the new magnet, and that towards the east becoming the south pole. And so great is the Galvanic influence in producing this effect, that it exerts its power at a distance of some inches, (even ten or twelve;) so that if the steel bar be moved in a circle round the course of the Galvanic current, but always kept parallel to the magnetic equator, it becomes magnetic.

These experiments were made in the laboratory of the Royal Institution, and also at the London Institution. They will be understood from the following description:—When an electrical or a Voltaic battery of considerable quantity is charged, the compensating or discharging wire becomes magnetic upon the completion of the discharge. Common needles, or small bars of steel, placed transversely on the wire, or under it, or on its sides, become permanent magnets on the discharge. If electric fluid be very plentiful, contact with the wire is not requisite.

Mr. Thomas Dibdin, whose literary labours almost outstrip those of Lope de Vega, and who is the author of upwards of *one hundred and fifty* successful dramatic productions, opens the Surrey Theatre, on Tuesday next, with three new pieces, and furnishes another for the Olympic, at the same time.

Literary Spoliation.—A well-known operative chemist, who is a subscriber to the Royal Institution, has been charged, at the Police Office, Bow Street, with pilfering leaves from several volumes in that valuable library. He was discharged, on the ground that the stolen leaves, as waste paper, were not sufficient in value to warrant a prosecution by indictment.

This day is published, price One Shilling,
THE SUBSTANCE of a DISCOURSE, preached in St. Mark's Church, Liverpool, on Sunday Evening, Nov. 26th, 1820, by the Rev. RICHARD BLACOW, A. M. on the Aspect of the Times.
London: published by Wright, (successor to Kearsley,) 46, Fleet Street; by Muncaster and Sutton, Liverpool; and to be had of all Booksellers.

* * * *The next Volume of The Literary Chronicle will be printed on a Paper uniformly fine with that upon which The Country Literary Chronicle is printed, without any advance in price. The new volume commencing with the new year, will present a favourable opportunity for the entrance of new Subscribers.*

LONDON:—Published by J. LIMBIRD, 355, Strand, two doors EAST of Exeter 'Change; where advertisements are received, and communications 'for the Editor' (post paid) are to be addressed. Sold also by SOUTER, 73, St. Paul's Church Yard; CHAPPLE, Pall Mall; GRAPEL, Liverpool; and by all Booksellers and Newsvenders in the United Kingdom. Printed by DAVIDSON, Old Boswell Court, Carey Street.